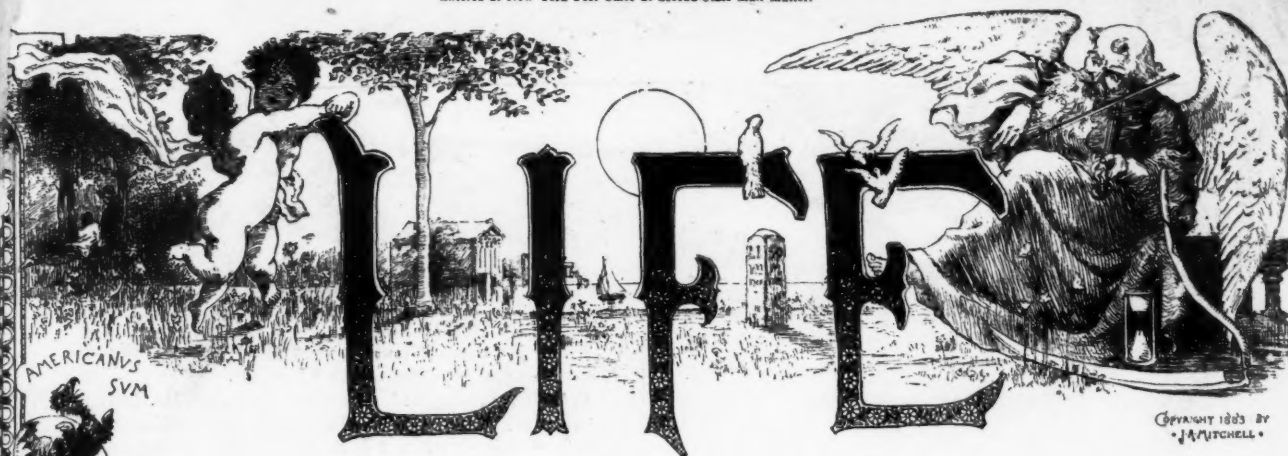


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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

“BEN and I are out.”—*Phillips*.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club was held Saturday evening for the purpose of discussing the ways and means of aiding the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund. Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS, who had unfortunately not entirely recovered from an acute attack of malaria contracted on New Year's Day, was found to be too unparliamentary and uproarious to occupy the Chair, so that power was conferred upon the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, who, though evidently convalescing from the same malady, was drowsy but dignified, and banked as usual.

Mr. RUBE JACKSON opened the question and the jack-pot by remarking that he had seen a photograph of the statue, and thought that its complexion should strongly recommend it to the zeal of the colored race.

Mr. GUS. JOHNSON passed out with the remark that he never did n't have no luck on jackers nohow, and wanted to hear the Bartholdi matter more fully discussed before venturing an opinion.

Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES came in without remark.

Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS woke up and said he would open the pot for a dollar and a half. Mr. RUBE JACKSON, who saw there was trouble coming, hastened to mildly assure him it had already been opened for thirty-five cents. Then said Mr. WILLIAMS in a voice of war:

“I rise dat two dollahs, 'n I'll knock de tar outen de niggah wot doan' rassle.”

This definite proposition had the effect of scaring Mr. JACKSON half to death, and of recalling the Rev. Mr. SMITH from the temporary state of coma into which he had lapsed. He drowsily ran over his hand, inquired who had opened the pot, and on being informed of Mr. WILLIAMS' belligerent burst of chips, electrified all present by drawing forth the honorable wallet and slapping it on the table with great violence. He then said to Mr. WILLIAMS:

“Look hyar, TOOT: what yo' doin'?”

“I jess—jess rised dat pot,” faltered Mr. WILLIAMS, who had not forgotten past experiences with that wallet.

“Yo' rised it, didyer?” sarcastically inquired Mr. SMITH: “yo' rised it?” Here he opened the wallet and shook out a roll of bills. “I see dat rise 'n I swole dat pot ten, twonny—fohty dollahs.” Here he leaned back and smiled reassuringly on Mr. JACKSON, who had begun to breathe again.

Mr. WILLIAMS ran his hand over. It somehow did n't seem to be as large as before. He then said:

“I—I 'sidered dis pot was fer—fer de fun'.”

“Wot fun'?” asked Mr. SMITH.

“De pedstal fun'.”

“Dat 's why yo swole de jacker?”

“Ye—yes.”

“Well, den, for de sake ob de pedstal fun', I jess swole it fohty dollahs.”

Mr. WILLIAMS' respiration was labored for a few minutes, during which time he ran his hand over again.

“Ise a patriot,” he said, “an' I'll do anyting in de cause.”

“Den yo' call dat rise?”

Mr. WILLIAMS threw up his hand. The Rev. Mr. SMITH raked in the jack, counted it over twice, and said:

“De gross proceeds of dis entertainment am five dollahs 'n seventy-two cents. Five from thirteen, nine, carry one; six 'n four 's nine—dat leaves jess seven cents profit fer de fun'. Brudder Jackson will take charge ob de seven cents,” he concluded, passing that sum over in coppers.

“Bud whar—whar's de res' ob de money goin',” inquired Mr. WILLIAMS.

“The res' of de money,” said Mr. SMITH, impressively, “is absorbed by de 'spenses ob de entertainment. Brudder JACKSON will now pass around de aces.”

THE *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, with true Western enterprise, presents its readers with a complete list of all the eligible bachelors of that city, with their several attractions and dependencies. One young gentleman is quoted as being “handsome as a red wagon” and “a good and moral dancer,” while another “likes a quiet game, and plays it well.” This Leap Year catalogue, we are informed by the *Inter-Ocean*, meets a want long felt, and is being thirstily sought for all over the West by maidens anxious to marry. The effete East knows not what true journalism is.

BOSTON tiptilts her patriotic nose at the feeble efforts of New York to obtain a pedestal for Bartholdi's Liberty by the aid of loan exhibitions and begging. Has Boston forgotten that Fanny Elssler had to dance \$3,000 worth of pinnacle on the Bunker Hill monument?



LOVE.

Young Simpson (to the lovely Felicia, as they stand on the piazza in the moonlight): MISS FELICIA, THIS WORLD LOOKS SO DREARY AND LONELY TO ME. I FEEL AS THOUGH NO ONE LOVES ME.

Felicia (in a sympathetic tone): OH, MR. SIMPSON, GOD LOVES YOU.

Simpson, after a thoughtful pause, suggests they go in, as it is growing chilly.

HERE entombed lies a church, choir, chancel, and steeple;
Congregation and pastor here wait for the dawn.
Ah! sad was the fate of these miserable people,
Engulfed in a worshiper's cavernous yawn.

Before any soul in the church could emerge, he
Had swallowed them all—English, Irish, and German.
He could swallow the church, congregation, and clergy,
But, alas! he was choked by the minister's sermon.

HENRY EMERSON.

A GOOD DAY FOR DUCKS.—Fry-day.

TO THE LADIES: Marriage is ever a mister-y; but anything is better than perpetual miss-ery.

SHOULD Theobaud Bauer defeat Christol in the promised wrestling match, it would be a clear case of the Bauer behind the thrown.

"YES," said young De Smyth, as he pensively chalked the end of his cue, "Jack was my oldest and best friend, but he married a girl from the suburbs who was n't in society, so of course I had to drop him. My shot?"

NO PUBLIC SPIRIT?

EVERY little while some new movement or another reveals the heterogeneous character of New York social life, its lack of *esprit de corps*, where such spirit is needed. No other great city, perhaps, could have had such a compliment paid it as that implied in the Bartholdi statue and ignore it as has New York. And now that a number of really public-spirited citizens of leisure and means combine to give some of their time, and others of their treasures, to help raise a fund for the pedestal to the great statue, the papers are rather silent about the enterprise, or drop a few words as charily as if, like the girl in the fairy tale, their words were pearls and diamonds, and might be turned over gratis to the raising of the fund.—*Boston Transcript*.

One would infer from the above that New Yorkers are deficient in public spirit. The *Transcript* seems to be unaware of the fact that money has been pouring in from our prominent citizens at a rate which would almost finish the pedestal within the lifetime of many who are now living; that one or two of our wealthiest men have actually promised money to the cause without demanding a mortgage on the statue or asking for any security whatever; and that many whose incomes scarcely exceed a hundred thousand a year have freely subscribed, their contributions often varying from fifty cents to more than a dollar each. Although the statue is practically sticking in the mud, it is not impossible that we may at some future period extricate it without calling upon the country at large for assistance.

This is by no means the first time in history that pride and public spirit have prompted a generous people to give more than they could afford, and yet we seem to be regarded with contempt, not only by our own countrymen, but by foreigners as well.

A SYNDICATE of capitalists has bought a large tract of land surrounding the great Shoshone Falls, of the Snake River, Idaho, and in cold blood they announce that they will make this spot the Niagara of the West. Now, do you see? That thing comes of the acquittal of the great robber, Frank James. The reign of brigandage has been endorsed in the West, and next year it won't be safe for a man on a salary to go near Idaho.

A KERCHIEF.

BUT filmy fabric it, 't is true,
As soft as down and bright as amber,
Brocaded with gay threads as blue
As flowers that up my trellis clamber.

Upon one silky side behold,
Embroidered neat, some blooming roses,
While on the other, flecked with gold,
A bright-winged butterfly reposes.

And though 't is but a trifle, yet
A something sweet upon it lingers;
'T is neither "rose" nor "mignonette,"
But the faint touch of fairy fingers.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SUSPENDING PAYMENT.—"Hanging it up."

UPON THE SQUARE.—The compass.

A BAD LOT.—A zealot.

A HARD LOT.—A New Hampshire pasture.

KNEE PLUS ULTRA.—The ballet girl's limbs.

A CAPITAL IDEA.—IDEA.

THE LAST OF THE PIE-EATERS.

BY JADE-OVLE.

STRONGLY outlined against the Summer sky, Yallerhammer stood on the rowel of a sharp spur of the Rocky Mountains. The majesty of his form was only surpassed by its freedom from the fashionable garb of Broadway civilization.

Yallerhammer was the last of the Pie-Eaters, once one of the most powerful tribes that ever stampeded a mule corral or inhaled fire-water; but the wasting influence of Border vengeance and Eastern soldiery and sixty proof still-juice had sent his compatriots on their last long journey and left him alone, and conspicuous for nothing but ancestral heroism and promptness at the Commissary on ration day.

A proud spirit, nevertheless, lingered beneath his time-stained and rent hickory shirt, and the remnant of a better man is seldom protected by Government trousers.

From his lofty eminence Y. H. viewed the scenic panorama that floated before his vision, and wished that the Post were nearer. Drawing from the hip pocket of his cerulean-lined pantaloons a portentous document, which proved to be his order for supplies, he calmly set himself to its perusal. It was formed after the manner of a prescription, and was written in a forgotten language. A leisurly glance at the writing told the lonely Y. H. that it was Latin; upon discovering which, he instantly read as follows:

Deliver to bearer the following articles, to wit:

Two tins of light-weight oysters.
Two tins of light-weight tomatoes.
One tin of American sardines.
One bushel of pea meal.
Five pounds of New Process sugar.
One pound of oleomargarine.
One quart of cotton-seed oil.
One box short count clothes-pins.
Ten pounds No. 2 bacon.
One pound common gelatine.
One bottle salad dressing.
Ten pounds Irish potatoes.
One pound alum baking powder.

(Signed)

FITZ DE FITZ,
A. M. Q. G. U. S. A.

Yallerhammer paused as if lost in reverie; a load seemed to clog his once active faculties; he wondered what clothes-pins were. Lighting his discolored T. D.

clay pipe at a neighboring street lamp, he limped toward the distant Post, with only such a limp as can be acquired in Government brogans.

Sun up on the prairie, and an hundred Federal soldiers awake to the morning light to find every mule in the train gone, and, stranger still, every one of these Federal warriors had to relieve his nose from the ungrateful presence of a tight-fitting clothes-pin, deftly fitted on. An excited search for the missing animals discovered Yallerhammer, the last of the Pie-Eaters, in a neighboring gulch, his arm claspng a three-gallon spirit jug, his breath gone, and the fatal liquor oozing forth over his manly breast. Yallerhammer was dead; but in his aboriginality he had found a use for clothes-pins.

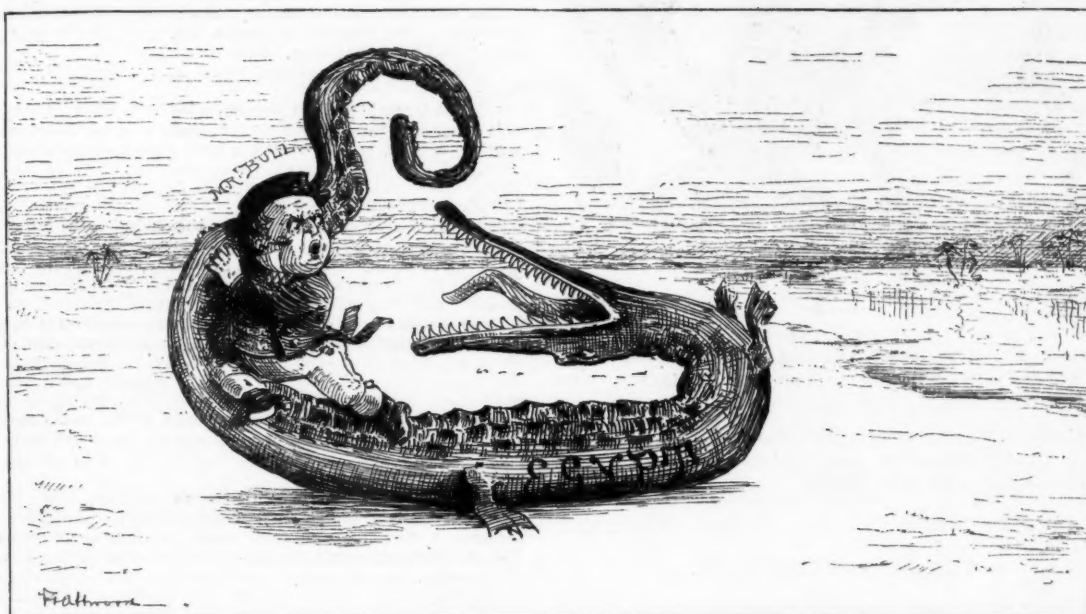
A MATTER OF CORSE.—A *post mortem*.

A BUDDING poet sings: "There is a pleasant void within my heart." To judge from the conclusion, the vacuum has pervaded the rest of his anatomy, and even gone to his head, as they say of strong drink.

A *tour de fours*.—A coaching trip.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Dr. Birch.

A NEW departure in banking—made by a New Jersey cashier.



AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

HAS MAN SEVEN SOULS?

IT is only lately, when the light of science has established the postulate of the non-existence of the soul into a fact of consciousness, and the unregenerate children of Adam, long scathed by theological fires and tortured by dim forebodings, are drinking bumpers to the good old deity Pan, that an English pundit revives a Druidical doctrine, and shakes the world to its centre by the startling announcement that man has seven souls. Mr. Gerald Massey is so well known in the poetic world as a scientist, and in scientific circles as a poet, that his Poly-Psychic Hypothesis is the most important contribution to the scientific literature of the day. At one time it was felt, through the influence of the late Mr. Emerson, that man might have, at least, two souls—the soul proper, and the over-soul. Also Goethe made Faust explain, in the terrible inquisition of his conscience:

"Two souls, alas! reside within this breast,
And each withdraws from and repels his brother."

But even the Rosicrucians and their ardent apostle, Robert Flood, did not concede as many as three souls to man, or that the soul

was divisible into several component parts, each perfect in its kind; and thus, modern science finds itself in the position of Hercules after he had severed a head from the monster in the Lernian marshes, for no sooner has it extinguished the light of one soul than seven other souls spring up in its place!

It would be premature to predict the altitude of Andover and of the evangelical pulpit, upon Mr. Massey's disclosure, and also whether there is enough spiritual food in the gospels of all nations for the seven souls of man. One thing, however, is certain: There will be a "boom" in the ministry, as every convert to the new faith will need a spiritual adviser for each soul. And each may embrace a new tenet, or experience a separate rejuvenescence; as, for example, one soul may be converted to Buddhism, another to Roman Catholicism, another to Episcopacy, and so on, thus harmonizing the contentious forces in the spiritual world and uniting the sons of men into one brotherhood. The millenium is clearly in sight. We owe a great debt to Mr. Gerald Massey, the poet-psychologist and revealer of truth.

H. V. S.



Old lady (to Cabby): NOW I WANT TO GO TO THE DRESS-MAKER'S; I'VE LOST THE ADDRESS, BUT IT'S A SMALL HOUSE JUST BEYOND MADISON SQUARE, DOWN A STREET, ON THE RIGHT, AND THE NUMBER'S OVER THE DOOR.

Cabby: WELL, WONT YOU PLEASE GIT UP HERE AND DRIVE YOURSELF, SO'S WE COULD BE SHURE OF NOT MAKIN' ANY MISTAKES?

THE ST. PATRICK CLUB.

A MEETING for perfecting the organization of the St. Patrick Club of this city as a rival of the great Indian Organization of Fourteenth Street was called last night at the residence of Hon. Barney McCue, Goat Cliff, Central Park West. The reception room of Mr. McCue's domicile had been cleaned and the pig temporarily placed in the *salon* adjoining. At eight o'clock precisely Mr. Patrick McHooley drove up in his *Dhumpe* Cart made expressly for him by Booster of Boom Street. Shortly after Mr. Patsy Crinnion, accompanied by Denis O'Toole, Father Heeney of the Harlem Cathedral, Jake Nelligan, Jerry Bragen and his brother Billie, arrived on his stone drag. The meeting was called to order by Mr. O'Hagen who, clearing his throat, said:

"Gintlemin av the matin', Ave we a quarium prisint?"

"Phwat's that," whispered Crinnion.

"Faix an' oi dunno. Is it a glass box fur fish yer after wantin', Misther Shpaker?" asked McCue.

"Be aisy wid ye, Barney. Oi waz simply askin' waz there enough gintlemin prisint to condoct the arder av biznis! The wurrud quarium, oi wud shtate fur the education av the mimbers, is a quotation fram Tirince, the ould Oirish poet (Cheers), an' in New Yark ginnally is designated boi the figger sivin! The book av organization which oi hould in me hand sez: Sivin mimbers shall constitute a quarium."

"We are sivin" quoted Father Heeney.

Alderman Fitzpatrick moved that Father Heeney be fined for using slang. Mr. Fitzpatrick was thrown under the table and unanimously put out of order.

"Nominations for momintary Prisdint ter sit whoil we timporize concernin' oor conshtituency are now in arder," announced Mr. O'Hagen.

"Oi numinate Billie Bra—" Billie's supporter was suppressed.

"Oi prapose Misther McCue," shouted some one, no one could tell who. At all events the voice came from where McCue had been standing.

"Misther McCue is numinated an' oi move the numinations be closed, therefar there is only wan man before the matin', so—" and here O'Hagen drew himself up to his full height—"so oi declare Misther McCue elicited!"

At this announcement there was a general division of the members, almost one half of them,—and among them the suppressed supporter of Billie—uttering a whurroo, and removing their coats, executed a fandango from one side of the room to the other. The friends of Bragen glared menacingly at the McCueites and danger was swift in the atmosphere.

Mr. McCue blushed as he was wafted to his place at the table, and after a few moments' reflection, during which the members sang "God Save the Green," he said:

"Gintlemin av the Organization av St. Pathrick, Oi am here—"

"Thru far ye!" yelled Crinnion, a leader of the opposition.

"Oi am here to-night wid a heart runnin' over wid commotion," went on McCue, ignoring. "Yez have elicited me president *per diem*, an' oi thank yez far the discrimination. We've druv the British from the Batttery wan cycle av decades ago!"

"Hurroo!" yelled Bragen.

"The gintlemin will plaze address the chair."

"There ain't wan in the room."

"Yis, gintlemin, the Oirish can thruly say, we druv the British fram the fray shoors av America to the bluddy fields av anarchy, finance, an' denoralization." (Tremendous applause, during which the lights were extinguished and the unnuminated Bragen folded his limbs about the waist of the chairman and saluted his lower jaw with spasmodic scintillations of his red right hand. The others were busily engaged in a like manner, and it was not until three quarters of an hour had elapsed, during which a vigorous sofistical argument was indulged in by both sides and Chateau McCue removed from the face of the earth that six policemen and Mrs. President Pro Tem McCue could adjourn the meeting.)

The St. Patrick's Club is still unorganized; for, as Mr. Crinnion says: "The gintlemin av moi constitution wint there wid harmony in their troats an' came away wid abrasion an their ois. The McCue gang numinated an' troid to worruk an us a boss av Shanteeville. In the wurruds av the philosopher, we did n't loike the Chair, so we sat an 'im; an' Oi say phwat's the sinse av havin' a chair that can't be sat an, by the powers!"

J. K. BANGS.



THE MUFFIN-GETTERS.

THE hungry and impecunious reader is requested to note the peculiar appropriateness of this title, and he has doubtless been asked from time to time if he regards it as indicating in any way the name of the author, and if so, why! It is hereby respectfully announced that no living soul is aware of the author's identity, except the author himself, and he is n't sure. The manuscript came to the publishers by mail and all the correspondence in reference thereto has been conducted under assumed names. Why this is so no one knows or-cares. The publishers, we are told,

have received seven hundred and fifty-three letters stating the reasons of as many persons for believing the work to be that of a man or of a woman. In due course these letters will no doubt be given as an appendix to the book. The bare suggestion is enough at this time to fire the public mind with a burning curiosity. It is wise indeed to make *Hay* while the sun shines.

The hero of the tale is Henry Barnum, a perfect gentleman. The scene is laid in Buffland—a sidesplitting bit of humor, by the way, only equalled by the frequent allusions to the neighboring city of Clevalo. Indeed, the whole story is illumined by many such delicate touches. In a palatial residence on Algonquin Avenue Henry Barnum, perfect gentleman, lives in solitary magnificence. Maud Batchin, the beautiful young daughter of a Buffland carpenter, calls on Henry and is completely dazzled by his gentlemanly magnificence. Being told by the "speerits" at a *seance* given for her special benefit that the correct thing to do is to declare her passion openly, she goes straight to Henry, lays her head on his shoulder, rolls her eyes, and puts up her mouth for the usual seal, etc. Henry, perfect gentleman that he is, kisses her once for luck and says: "Get thee gone, girrl, — but if you wish to see me later, come in by the back door of the conservatory when no one is around." This was naturally a shock to Maud, but she bore it bravely, albeit she was half consumed with rage at the thought that possibly a yellow-haired rival was the cause. Said rival, by name Agnes Melding, is a perfect jewel of a girl, a perfect lady in short, who lives with her widowed mother, also a perfect lady, next door to Major Barnum, the perfect gentleman. Unknown to Aggie, her heart and Harry's beat as one, and it takes nothing less than the great strike of '77, a street fight in front of Barnum's house, and his gentlemanly rescue of the perfect ladies to suggest to her this fact.

Meanwhile, the carpenter's daughter is wooed by two low, vulgar—oh! so low and vulgar, roughty men, named Leeny and Unit. Maud finds it hard to choose between these two gallants, and we do n't wonder. She was angry because Harry (perfect gentleman) had scorned her love, and she was bound to be revenged. Unit, who was hard up, was inspired with the unique thought of breaking into Harry's house, killing Harry (alas! poor gentleman!), avenging his lady and securing the ducats. Skipping into the house one evening *vid* the window he finds Harry piling up greenbacks on his library desk, as is the custom of every rich and well-regulated gentleman of Buffland. He cracks Harry on the skull with a hammer thoughtfully borrowed from Leeny, picks up the money and flees. But—and just regard the butness of this but—at that moment Mrs. Melding (perfect lady) was peering through an opera glass from her chamber window at the terrible scene. A wild rush, a cry of "Henry!" on the still night air from the love-tossed soul of Aggie and both are at his side. He moves! "I love him. I will be his widow, if I was not his wife," whereupon—and note this fine touch, which shows her

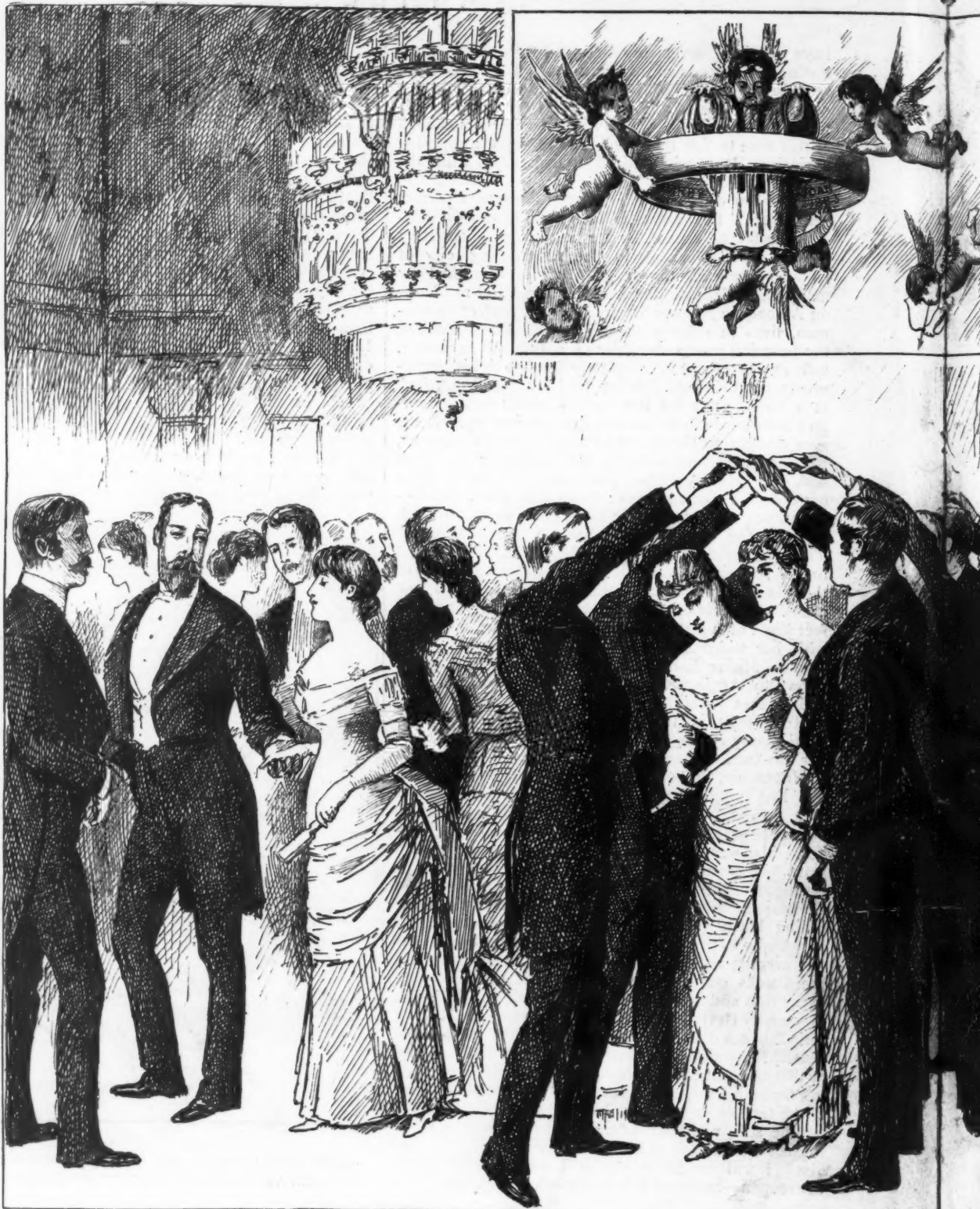
all-absorbing passion—she goes straight back to her room and falls into a sound and peaceful sleep.

Meantime, Unit, red with gentlemanly gore, asks Maud to be his bride. Maudy hesitates, and contrary to all precedent, is not lost. Unit attempts to fasten his crime on Leeny, and so far succeeds as to secure the arrest of that high-minded youth, who naturally feels grieved at conduct so ungracious. He jumps lightly through a third story window of the jail, catches a drain pipe on an opposite building and safely descends to the street. He finds Unit at Maude's house and immediately twists his neck, but in deference to the sensibilities of Maud covers the face of the departed with a table-cloth. He and Maud then sit side by side on the sofa and indulge in love's young dream. Pa and ma enter, also the police—tableau! Leeny is triumphantly acquitted of the numerous crimes and marries at last the fair Batchin. Barnum recovers, and after hearing Aggie sing a ballad or two, concludes that the best way to stop all that sort of thing is to marry her at once, which brings the tale to a touching close.

We hope soon to see another book from the same author, and we have a set of prize questions ready to propound as soon as the first installment shall appear.
W. S.

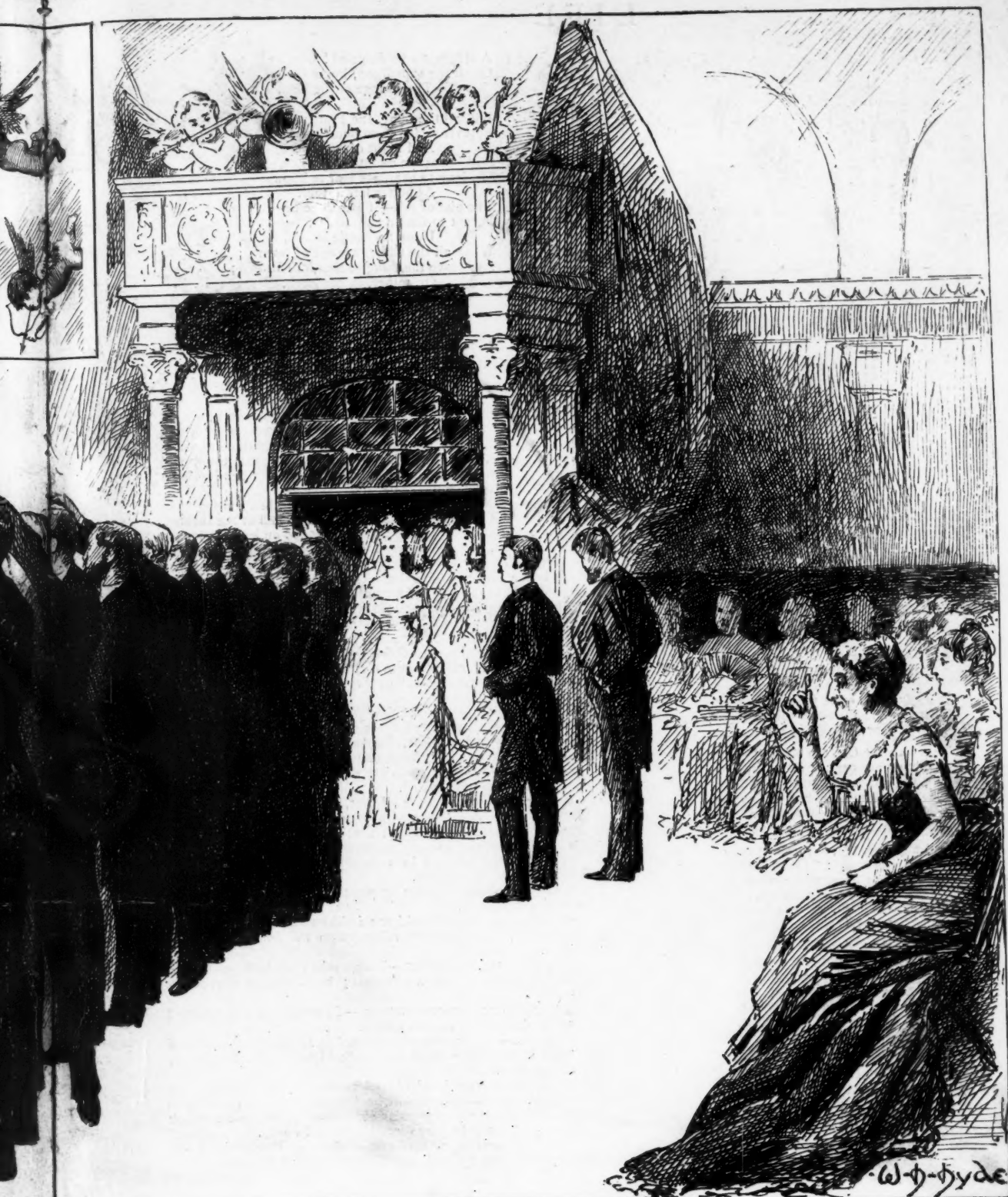


YES, OUR STREETS *are* A LITTLE SLIPPERY, AND THE ELEVATED TRAINS *do* MAKE ONE JUMP.



COMING ON

"SUCH ARE THE
WHICH, FADING IN A LITTLE
DO BLOOM AGAIN IN PARADISE"



COMING OUT.

"SUCH ARE THOSE BUDS,
IN A LITTLE FROM OUR GAZE,
N IN PARADISE."

—Semiramis, Act II.



CONSCIENCE.

Unprepossessing old Bachelor: AND WHY DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO GET MARRIED, MISS MABEL?

Miss Mabel (aged Twelve): OH, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU NEEDED SOMEBODY TO TAKE CARE OF YOU AND—O GOODNESS, YOU *didn't* THINK I SAID THAT TO LEAD YOU ON, DID YOU?

NOBODY DID IT.

SAID Garlington, "Lay not to me
This latest murder of the sea
To blast a soldier's fame.

It ought to be quite plain to you
That Captain Fike and thievish crew
Are properly to blame."

To which the Captain straight demurs,
And hotly answers: "Damn it, sirs!
For twenty years and more
I've hunted seas for tusk and whale,
And never heard of such a tale
In all my life before!"

And likewise, too, the gallant crew
Reproachful spake: "Dear, me! Can you
Be patient with such stuff?
Indeed, the ship was very old,
The ice was thick, the weather cold,
And this was quite enough!"

The Signal Service Chief declares,
As one who knows the force of airs,
"I'm very sorry, but
I was away, and am content
Upon that orphaned supplement
To keep my vision shut."

The Captain of the Yantic shows
A wish to tread on others' toes;
But plainly, can't be hid,
His vessel sailed into the dark,
Equipped for hunting up the snark
Or as the Jumblies did.

Then who is left to whom we turn
A face and eye that justly burn
In presence of this shame?

A sergeant who deserted! who,
Of all the expedition, knew
The storage of the ham.

But, all the same, the Proteus lies
Forever sealed from human eyes,
And night of Arctic cold
Still keeps the secret of the snow
We long to hear, yet fear to know
As better left untold.
The gist of this—if gist there be—
Is, not to send a ship to sea,
Upon an Arctic search,
When all the Chiefs are out of town
And leave the thing to Smith or Brown;
Or, rather, in the lurch.

D. B.

POPULAR DISEASES,

AND HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM.

I.—PNEUMONIA.

PNEUMONIA is very easily acquired, and need not be sought in the markets—if this now unfashionable promenade is still visited by the fair sex. A select article can be obtained at social entertainments. Wearing one breastpin less than usual and eschewing heavy, unbecoming, granny-like wraps when leaving a crowded, heated assemblage generally suffices.

A \$500 seal-skin sack (spelled "sacque" when writing "on space") should be closed to the neck in church and at the theatre. If it is unbuttoned or taken off and resumed on leaving, it fails in its purpose, and the seeker for this popular disease may be deprived of its expensive, consequently stylish, prestiges. Among these is the pleasure of hiring a two-horse doctor, who is quite an ornament to the front of a mansion.

Abrupt changes of temperature are useful. Though our climate liberally provides them, they are advised, as this is not written for any pent-up Utica or Syracuse, but for the universe.

Those few fair ones who divide their attentions between Cicero and the washtub rarely aspire to a fashionable pneumonia, and are apt to call it "ammonia" or "rheumonia." It then becomes quite vulgar.

Some singular people acquire pleuro-pneumonia. Literature of to-day shows that cattle make a similar selection. When the error is discovered too late, the humiliating association can be mitigated by calling it "*plural pneumonia*."

Sand-paper under-garments are not conducive to pneumonia, consequently are not advised.

Having duly acquired the disease, send for the doctor, thus: Write on dark blue paper, with your coat-of-arms and a blunt pencil, "deer docTer i hav gott a newmonier on my lung cum rite away i wont tak no nasty medersin."

If he does not respond immediately, send for a physician who is better versed in heraldry.

When he arrives, ask him to prescribe for your cat or parrot; he will be delighted.

Broncho-pneumonia is neither a fashionable nor a recommendable disease, and should be relegated to the *brancos* (horses) of Mexico.

DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS.—Pneumonia resembles neither delirium tremens nor cholera infantum; but all can be acquired at once.

MEDICO-LEGAL CONSIDERATIONS.—There are no cases recorded in which the disease was embezzled.

HISTORY.—The worst spell occurred in 1882, when the Board of Health received a death-certificate in which it was written, "blewmooneyear."

If there are any good or bad readers who now do not know how to acquire a pneumonia, it will be because of their inability to properly estimate a very popular disease sufficiently to encourage them to read the preceding directions industriously.

Should the next of this series be on Corns or Dyspepsia, it will not be illustrated by steel engravings or chromo-lithographs.

FRED. C. VALENTINE.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

No. XV.—The Sabbatarian.



WHAT is this?

This, dear, is a gentleman who has been trying to observe the Sabbath.

He seems to be very tired?

Very.

And his breath—whew!

That is the odor of sanctity, my precious.

But it smells like very bad whiskey.

So it does.

He has been drinking, then?

So it seems.

But I thought you said he had been trying to observe the Sabbath?

I did.

But how?

According to law.

But how according to law?

Why, by the laws of the State of New York, framed by that

broad-minded jurist, Mr. David Dudley Field, there are only two ways of spending the Sabbath.

What are they?

Going to church or getting drunk.

Or both?

Yes.

But why does not the gentleman go to a library and improve his mind?

It is against the law.

Go to the museum?

Against the law.

To the art gallery?

Against the law.

To the theatre?

Against the law.

Stay home?

His home is one cheerless, ill-ventilated room, and he is driven from it by loneliness.

But are not the saloons closed on Sunday by the same wise law?

Oh, yes.

Then, how did the gentleman get in?

By the back door.

But why does he not go to hear the good, pious preacher?

Because it makes him tired.

Then he is a big exception to the rule, is he not?

Oh, yes.

How many other exceptions are there in the city?

About 850,000.

My! but are there so many who do not go to church?
Yes.

And how many would go to the libraries, museums, theatres and art galleries if they were opened?

About 1,000,000.

Then why does not the majority rule?

Because we get such wise and good gentlemen as Mr. Field to frame our laws, and send chuckleheads to Albany to endorse them.

But the poor people who work hard all the week?

Well?

They do not want to go to church all Sunday?

Scarcely.

What can they do?

Get drunk.

But for recreation?

The law forbids recreation to the poor.

Why?

Ask Mr. Field and the Sunday Closing League.

But is this not a free country?

Oh, no.

But, I thought it was?

You were wrong.

What is it, then?

An absolute monarchy.

By whom governed?

On week days by Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. John Kelly.

And on Sundays?

By the saloon keepers and parsons.

But is there no supreme authority over all these?

Oh, yes.

Who?

The devil.

HAND AND GLOVE.

GREAT SWELL (at an evening party): "You have dropped your glove, Miss."

Sentimental Spinster: "Thanks." (Sudden thought): "Can he mean anything?"

STANLEY has discovered a river in Central Africa called *Kissmelonga*. It cannot be very far from Lake *Nyum-nyum*.

A MEDICAL journal says, "Much of the distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia is occasioned by humor in the stomach." This is believed to be an awful grind on the paragraphers who have said funny things about the doctors.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if John Swinton has n't a middle name. Certainly. It is I.

THE Japanese have taken to using patent medicines. The Japanese must go.



A TREAT.

HEY, MARIAR! LOOK; I JUST HAD IT PUT IN MY BASKET. I DUNNO WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'S EITHER A SQUAIL ON TOAST OR A CHARLOTTE ROOSTER!

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

ABOU BEN BUTLER (who has just been fired)
Awoke one night, almighty cross and tired.

He saw within the moonlight in his room,
The Spirit of a Presidential Boom,
Who wrote on parchment tanned from human skin.
Exceeding "cheek" caused Butler to begin,
And to the Presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?"—The spectre raised its head,
And answered with a gesture most uncouth—
"The names of demagogues who love the Truth."
"Is mine left out?" said Butler. "I should smile,"
Replied the Spirit,—Butler thought awhile,
And then he said, "Please put it in your note,
I only lie to gain the colored vote."

The Spirit wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with evident delight,
And showed the names of politicians, dead,
And lo! Ben Butler's name was at the head!

LEIGH HUNT (adapted.)

"HERE," said Noggins, as he threw down a paper in which he had been reading an article entitled "Night Watch With a Dead Infant," "I'd rather have a gold watch with a live infant!"

How can a man go round a square?

"TAFFY" a fool and he will stick to you.



THREE AMERICAN ACTORS.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH as Macbeth, Mr. John T. Raymond as the witty Western hero of "In Paradise," and Mr. John Gilbert as Jesse Rural in "Old Heads and Young Hearts"—that was, last week, the programme of the theatres. You pay your money and you take your choice. It would be somewhat difficult to present a greater variety of entertainment than that found in such a programme. I have spoken already with frankness of Mr. Edwin Booth's performances at the Star Theatre. *LIFE* and its contributors are nothing if not frank. I pray, therefore, that Mr. Booth will look upon me as a sympathetic and well-meaning adviser—if the word is not too strong—and not as a cynical and obnoxious fault-finder. The observer of actors may say, at intervals, a few things which have value for the actors. Mr. Booth, it has been suggested, is in the decadence of his power. On the contrary, Mr. Booth is in the maturity of his power. His fault is not weakness; it is indifference. Mr. Booth would rather walk along Broadway and air himself in our genial Winter sun than act at the Star Theatre. Acting seems to be an irksome business to him. Yet the business is one which, now more than ever before, he understands. If he should put his whole mind to it, the result would be, it is certain, impressive and imposing. Mr. Booth as Macbeth is a fine and thoughtful actor. He dresses the character in brown tunic, white tights, and auburn hair. His eyes glow out of a dark and intellectual face. His Macbeth is vacillating and weak; his Lady Macbeth is the head of the household. Miss Ida Vernon, however, might be engaged more profitably than in the acting of a character like Lady Macbeth. Mrs. D. P. Bowers gave a striking performance of that part a few years ago, at Booth's Theatre, to Mr. Booth's Macbeth. There are few Lady Macbeths on the theatrical bush. Mr. Booth lacks, quite materially, the breadth of force and passion, as well as the heroic and martial physique of Macbeth. He presents in a genuine and imposing way the superstitious side of the character. Salvini, who looked Macbeth to the life and who gave the part with great bursts of feeling, was a much too material, obvious Macbeth. His acquaintance with ghosts and hobgoblins was too concrete and theatrical. If Mr. Booth could show the material side of Macbeth, as he shows the strange and spiritual side of him, his performance would be more remarkable and complete than it is.

It is said that the late Mr. Sothern, who was a charming actor and humorist, looked upon Mr. Raymond as the best of comedians. But it is barely possible that Mr. Sothern did not harbor such an opinion. Mr. Raymond is a funny man, who applies a little knowledge and talent to a great deal of ground. His boots, as it were, are almost too big for him. Yet it is thus that he manages to skip along with uncommon liveliness. Mr. Raymond fitted himself to a character once upon a time, and he has continued since to fit that character to every other character.

A bright, intelligent, comical person—that is Mr. Raymond; though Sellers is Fresh, and Fresh is Sellers, while Mr. Raymond at all times is Sellers or Fresh. But we are amused by this actor, even though we are bored by his plays—and we are usually bored by his plays.

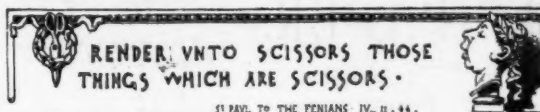
* * *

MR. JOHN GILBERT is one of the most sympathetic and masterly of actors in the dear old character of Jesse Rural. Boucicault was a fortunate man when he wrote "Old Heads and Young Hearts," a charming play—the truest and purest play, perhaps, that he has brought to light. Moreover, "Old Heads and Young Hearts" is a tolerably original work. This fact should not be forgotten. Mr. Boucicault is a terrible sinner in authorship—a bold and successful plagiarist. At any rate, it is something for him to say that his plagiarism has not been unsuccessful. The most delightful qualities of Mr. Gilbert's mellow and earnest acting are found in his Jesse Rural. The character, as he exhibits it, is a beautiful presentation of ingenuous old age—tender, deep-hearted, and marked by simplicity and humor.

* * *

MRS. LANGTRY has come back. She has reappeared in a play called "Peril," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The play has an ominous title—for Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Coghlan is acting with her. It seems that Mr. Coghlan has had a falling-out with the æsthetic Mr. Stetson. Mr. Coghlan will soon join the company of the Union Square Theatre, and will have a part in Bartley Campbell's new comedy or tragedy, "A False Step."

G. E. M.



MMME. SARAH BERNHARDT did not live in America a year for nothing. After having mastered "Yankee Doodle" she is now practicing "Whale Colombier!"—*N. Y. Truth*.

THE poet who wrote "Man Wants but Little Here Below" should try again. Man wants all he can get.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

"I'm all wool and a yard wide!" shouted a cowboy, as he gave his sombrero an extra side hitch and looked around for a foe. "That may be," replied an undaunted female; "but you won't wash."—*Phila. Call*.

A GENTLEMAN was giving a little Keokuk baby boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said: "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" With childish simplicity the little fellow looked up in the gentleman's face and replied: "More!"—*Detroit Times*.

"I HEAR you is bin mighty sick, Brother Borum. You is looking like you might a had a spell of malicious fever." "No, Sister Tempy. I nebber had de fever, but wusser den dat; I'se been mighty nigh the kingdom of deff, wid de delicious tremenjous. I'se had one good tussel wid de Debil, and he like dto got dis Nigger."—*The Judge*.

"LOOK here," said a roadmaster to an Irishman, "why do n't you put on a clean shirt?" "Because Oi have n't wan in me chist." "Well, why have n't you one in your chest?" "Because Oi have n't a chist. Git me a chist, your honor, an' Oi 'll hunt around fur a clean shirt to put in it."

"Now, Mr. Lawyer," said the dying man, "I want you to fix it in my will so that my son Joe won't get a cent. He is a worthless fellow, and will spend his money in a week." "Oh, that's all right," said the lawyer, politely; "I'll take care of it. I'll see that he does n't get anything." And he did n't. Neither did anybody else.

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THAT brilliant comic weekly, LIFE, bubbles this
week with fun and wit. Some of its illustrations are
unusually humorous, notably the one on the title page
entitled "Mural Painting." It is a capital hit at Ces-
nola, the high art antiquarian, with a sly little dig at
the president.—*Rochester Herald.*

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